

# Sunday Advertiser.

WALTER G. SMITH

EDITOR.

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## ENGLAND'S FLEET, AND RUSSIA.

The announced determination not to send the British fleet to Cronstadt until times are more propitious is one of the most significant cablegrams that has come from Europe in a long time. The purpose of sending the fleet on a visit of courtesy to the Russian naval station, as everybody knows, was to emphasize the fact that a diplomatic understanding had been reached whereby England, France and Russia had agreed, in effect, to isolate Germany and so compel the Kaiser to adhere to that policy of peace which he has often declared is his dearest purpose.

The fact that the Kaiser has pursued a peace policy—consistently, it must be admitted—backed by the most powerful and formidable land armament in the world, has naturally had a somewhat disquieting effect upon the other powers of Europe. They have been compelled to accept his peaceful assurances, but have accepted them with the reservation that the arts of diplomacy should be brought to bear to have an equal force combined against him in the event that he should feel inclined to war. The professional diplomats have had the matter in hand, of course, but King Edward of England, himself a diplomat of no mean attainments, has been of material help to the craft in creating the desired combination of powers.

That the efforts of the Kaiser's opponents had been successful was shown to the world first in the Algeiras conference called to consider the affairs of Morocco, in which Germany desired to take a leading part. The fact was to receive impressive and more public demonstration in the proposed visit of the British fleet to Cronstadt. That visit was meant to demonstrate, as the visit of a French fleet to that fortress did once upon a time, that a western power had sealed a friendly arrangement with an eastern—not an alliance, exactly, but an understanding that in certain eventualities England, already the friend of France, would have the power of Russia also on her side.

It must be a very grave crisis that would cause a change in a contemplated movement of that kind. The postponement of the visit of the fleet, apparently to an indefinite time, tells the world how really serious is the condition of affairs in Russia. If the Czar cannot receive his friends on a visit of state, it must be that his home affairs are in greater disorder than the world has supposed—and the world has been prepared for almost anything in Russia.

It seems, indeed, that the land of the Czar is in the throes of a real revolution. Disorders in various parts of the empire are reported daily, the troops are everywhere in a mutinous state, and a law-making body unfriendly to the Czar sits in his capital and in effect defies the man who, a few short months ago, was the autocrat of millions. A condition has arisen in Russia very like the condition that obtained in France just before Louis XVI. lost his throne and his head; and it may well be that the Romanoff, although it has not been admitted anywhere, is menaced by dangers quite as great as those which overwhelmed the Bourbon of the Eighteenth century. There would be stranger things than a hurried dispatch of the British fleet to Cronstadt to rescue the Czar from his people and a drawing together of all the crowned heads of Europe for their own salvation.

## THE CZAR AND THE DOUMA.

The Czar arose. The attitude of an empire hung on the temper of his address. The quiet that fell over the assembly was the quiet of a mountain midnight. Not a dress rustled, not a foot scraped, not a sword clanked, no breath was audible. The eyes of the Emperor returned from their survey and riveted themselves on the paper he held. His lips parted and the first syllable rang clearly to the farthest corners of the room. Not an ear needed to be strained to catch each word:

"The right given me by divine authority to care for the Fatherland has prompted me to call upon representatives elected by the people to aid me in legislative work. \* \* \* It is my ardent desire to see my people happy, and to leave to my son a powerful, prosperous and civilized country. God shall bless the labor that is before me, in union with the Council of the Empire and the Douma. And let this day signify with it the great event of moral renovation of Russia. Let it be the day of regeneration of its best forces."

"Get devotedly to the work to which I have called you, and justify worthily the trust of the Emperor and the people."

"God help me and you."

The reading of the whole address occupied exactly four minutes.

Both hands dropped to his sides as the last words were spoken, and he remained where he stood to watch the effect of the speech upon the assemblage. The military band in a balcony at the rear struck up the National Anthem. Hundreds of voices from the side of the bureaucrats rose as one with a cheer and a shout of "Bravo!" "Bravo!" The roar was bewildering. "Bravo!" "Bravo!" But the Emperor's ears were not deceived; nor his eyes. The shout in all its mightiness came from one side of the room. The Emperor looked long and earnestly at the Douma—not a voice was raised, not a cheer echoed from that entire side. They were not even swayed by the prolonged cheering of the bureaucrats. Generals, old and decrepit, court cavaliers and ministers, yelled themselves into a mild frenzy. The simple, ignorant peasants, of whom it had been said a thousand times that they would "lose their heads the first thing"—these men stood like stone, absolutely impassive. They knew, in the first place, that the "right given me by divine authority, which prompted me to call upon representatives of the people," was merely an aggregation of words. Revolution prompted the Douma—nothing more nor less. "Uprising," and "disturbances" all over the country. And no word of Amnesty! Nothing.

The Emperor slowly descended from the throne, and the royal procession formed for exit. The band played its loudest. The courtiers and bureaucrats kept up their shouts of "Bravo!" "Bravo!" Whatever of spontaneity there may have been in the first outburst was now gone, and the words were pronounced in a unison which became rhythmic. Before the Emperor had even reached the door these shouts had subsided. His own aides-de-camp and the generals maintained the noise. A paid clique could not have been more marked.

At first the Emperor bowed to the Douma. But his bow was chill and formal, his eye cold and severe. To his right he turned with warmth. Generally he recognized a face and smiled, but to the left his expression was statuesque. The ladies in his train did much better. Several of them quite ignored the glittering array on the right and bowed and smiled most graciously to the Douma members, and with more seeming spontaneity and sincerity.

Following the Imperial cortege the bureaucracy filed out in a brilliant pageant, then, last of all, the Douma.

The spectacle had surely been in entire keeping with the ostentatious traditions of Czarism, but to even the most reactionary bureaucrats it was patent that the "simple peasants" had not been impressed as they had been expected to be. They had enjoyed it, naturally, as they would have enjoyed military spectacle. They had watched it as a passing show, and were quite at a loss for the reason of it, or the connection between it and their business.

Many freely expressed their amazement at the gowns of the women. There are scores among the Douma members who had never before set eyes on such magnificent creatures, and they could not repress their surprise at the décolleté. "Why did the Emperor bring us here?" asked one. "Was it to show us his women?"

"I thought the Emperor's house would be full of holy pictures," said another, sorrowfully, in the first blush of disillusionment.

"If the government tells us ever again that they have no money for reforms, we can tell them where they might get a few coopeks," added another, with a significant shake of his peasant head.

The superb ceremony, with all its brilliant pageantry, the most gorgeous spectacle of a traditionally spectacular court, has completely failed to inspire the confidence of the working-men and peasants in their olden rulers. On the contrary, it inspired amazement, discontent and distrust.

The Czar, who is probably the greatest living genius for missing opportunities, read eloquently his empty and futile speech, and for the first time in his life saw face to face real men—men who were not fawning sycophants, who dared express their sincere feelings, when these were other than admiring or appreciative.

To facilitate the transportation of the Douma members from the Winter Palace to the Tauride Palace, where the sessions were to be held, they were

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# THE BYSTANDER



Pinkham Redivivus.  
Dillingham's Dream.  
The Hoodoo Still Works.  
The Pirate of the Pinks.  
Kuhio and His Claims.  
John and Moses.

My friend Pinkham is still after the small farmers though why, the Lord only knows. His friends the planters having dowered them with their saccharine blessings, what remains for Pinkham but to say "Allah il Allah—thy servant is content." But Pinkham dies though he never surrenders and fifty years from now when he looks down from the clouds and sees the uplands rich with the dark green of tobacco and bristling with the bayonets of sisal, when he smells the vanilla and gets hungry for the bananas and when he feels his mouth water for the pines—it is then I seem to hear a hissing whisper from his perturbed spirit that it is all a rotten illusion, some hokus-pokus of Thurston's. Heaven knows I like a fighter, even if he fights against fate; and the man, who fights the cause of diversified agriculture in these islands, grapples with the stars in their courses. Pinkham would do that, though, without turning a feather. He is a true gamecock with brass spurs and a purple comb but he had better beware of the man with the hoe, especially the one who got after the great grazing and wheat estates of California and obliged them to make some room among their principalities for the little orchards and vineyards that have made California so great.

Well, the railroad has reached Wahiawa. I don't mention this to oppress Pinkham, despite the fact that the entry of the Oahu line there is mainly due to the success of small farming. I merely remark it by way of getting a text about B. F. Dillingham. Time was—and it doesn't seem so long ago—that B. F. was a lone soul crying in the wilderness of doubt that Oahu could support a railway line running from Honolulu as far as Pearl City, even. Lots of people knew better—just as they lately knew better on the subject of diversified agriculture. But B. F. kept pushing along until, of a sudden, his road touched the sea on the other side of the island, meanwhile making money like a thing of life. Now the road has stretched a long arm into the country and will make more money. Speaking in the language of the prophets I say "Bully for Dillingham!" And bully for everybody who believes in the Dillingham working fashion that the destiny of this Territory is to become American in other things beside the flag.

Literally hundreds of letters have been received here during the past few years—yes, hundreds annually—from people who say they would like to settle in Hawaii and who inquire about land. Many of these letters, minus their addresses, have been printed and they surely reveal a pioneer spirit. But singularly enough the letter-writers don't come. I begin to suspect there may be something in the replies to them analogous to the mouldy corn with which, as Hosea Bigelow said, you can't "ketch knowin' cattle." Under the old Boyd management of the Land Office the Advertiser investigated and found out that the Commissioner was, in response to letters of inquiry, sending out a Judas Iscariot circular saying that nothing could be raised here by a small farmer but coffee and that coffee didn't pay. I don't suspect Commissioner Pratt of anything of the kind; indeed I don't know that he personally attends to replies, but I do know that the settlers don't arrive. Why not publish the whole correspondence now and then and give the public a chance to find out if the letters from here lack anything in fullness of information?

I believe it is an axiomatic truth that we could get people if we wanted them. The sandiest waste in the West, inhabited by a guileful man with a prospectus could do that; and are we of the Paradise of the Pacific, we of the richest soil and \$35,000,000 crops of a single staple, are we to lie down under the impression that nobody could be had from the teeming millions on the mainland to raise our perennial crops, try we our cussedest!

One day I stopped at a corner and bought one hundred and fifty beautiful fresh pinks for a dollar. The price to one who had just returned from Philadelphia where ten cents will buy a bouquet of them, seemed a bit high but I witheld the kick, overcome by the lei woman's happy smile. I can never help taking a smile for all it is worth; in fact I take them early and often. Well, one evening I needed a few pinks for a little vawze—being in society now I spell as I pronounce—and as the lei women had gone I dropped into one of the florist's shops. The pinks there were somewhat wilted but I took eleven, thinking they would answer my brief need. "How much?" I asked the disguised pirate whom I mistook for an innocent young woman who would be kind to the wandering stranger. "Seventy-five cents," she said like a clap of thunder; "Oh, yes, we get seventy-five cents a dozen for them." Mechanically I paid and then I went around the corner, jumped on my pinks and recited the Tibetan litany for souls desiring peace: "May the roses of Cashmere turn to the dead sea apples of Sheol in the hands of all such traders and may such be trodden into the soil whence they sprang, under the hoofs of wild asses, and may none visit their sepulcher but goats."

The usual humbug—an annual rite—appears in the form of a list of what  
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## THE GREAT NUUANU DAM.

From the Public Works Department, a dismal chorus rings,  
Each day a little increment unto its volume brings,  
As water expert Kellogg uncovers more weak spots,  
In the shape of mud for concrete, and wood that quickly rots;  
And Howland's voice in wrath is very audible and loud,  
As he leads the other fellows belonging to his crowd,  
In that now familiar song about that greatly talked of sham,  
Which formerly was known to all as "The Great Nuuanu Dam."

Chorus:

O dam, dam, dam, the Great Nuuanu Dam,  
No more useless rubbish into it can we cram;  
We have to stand a lot of chaff, the people daily at us laugh,  
About the work we have not done, on that thrice accursed dam.

'Tis widely known that bubbling springs do sure foundations make,  
And pipe in sections laid apart, at the joints can never break;  
While engineers their good repute will always freely stake,  
That putty is the only thing seams watertight to make.  
And if the work in progress some grave defects should show,  
Go pile some mud upon the place, and the public n'er will know,  
Until one day the whole thing breaks, and the waters' mighty flow,  
Works dire destruction in its course on all that lies below.

Chorus:

That dam, dam, dam, the Great Nuuanu Dam,  
Everybody knows that it is but a rotten sham,  
We built the wretched thing of chaff, Patterson can at us laugh,  
About the work we left undone, on that thrice accursed dam.

July 12, 1906.

A. A. HOBSON.

# COMMERCIAL NEWS

One of the most significant recent movements in connection with the development of island industries has been the arrival in Honolulu of an agent for a San Francisco house formed for the purpose of handling Hawaiian products aside from sugar. The old firm of Alexander & Baldwin, while it does not stand sponsor for the new corporation—that is to say, while it does not announce itself as the backer—has, in effect, put out the Pacific Distributing Company as an offshoot. Wallace Alexander, the San Francisco manager for Alexander & Baldwin, is vice-president of the new company.

The formation of a company of this kind, to handle pineapples, bananas, coffee, sisal, tobacco, tropical fruits and any and all products of the islands for which there is sale on the mainland, should go a long way toward the solution of the question of finding a market for things other than sugar that can be raised here—and that cannot be grown in the States. If the market is found, the chief objection that has been made to tropical small farming here is removed, and Hawaii will have taken a long step in the direction of diversified agriculture and assured prosperity.

There is, of course, no desire to minimize the sugar interest, which must always probably be the chief industry here, but there is money in rubber and tobacco and sisal and bananas and pineapples. Indeed, as to pineapples, the matter has gone beyond the experimental stage. And, if diversified agriculture is made possible, there is plenty of room here for a large and thrifty agricultural population.

A representative of the Pacific Distributing Company reached Honolulu on the Siberia Friday, and will visit all the islands and endeavor to make arrangements with the producers to market their products. This representative, Mr. Fred W. Dickson, has suggested a local union of producers, and the suggestion would seem to be a wise one. A combination of producers, acting with San Francisco men conscientiously striving to extend the market for Hawaiian products on the mainland, would be hard to beat in a commercial way.

## THE SUGAR MARKET.

Notwithstanding the fact that the price of sugar continues upon the higher levels, there has been little activity noted in the stock market during the past week. The total crop of the Islands is estimated at 340,000 tons, of which it is said that approximately 189,000 tons are still to reach the market.

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# LITTLE TALKS

JUDGE KINGSBURY—The alligator pear is what caught Adam and Eve.

D. L. WITHINGTON—Being the incumbent of a law office, I am only a candidate to succeed myself.

BERT PETERSON—I am in the hands of my doctors now, being overhauled with a view to life insurance.

GILBERT J. WALLER—The packing house scandals don't bother Hawaii. Our meat business needs no muck-rake.

JUDGE DICKEY—I admit that the Civic Federation should be more careful in the matter of asking men to join.

MAJOR STEEDMAN, U. S. A.—Honolulu is the station to which I would like to be assigned for duty. It's a beautiful place.

JIM QUINN—I want to get into the Board of Supervisors to do some clean politics. Sam Johnson! Why, I am not Sam's enemy.

JOHN HUGHES—I am in the fight for the Legislature to stay. The Civic Federation is a matter between me and my conscience.

CHARLIE ACHI—I told Mahelona that they could have but one club meeting in the Seventh of the Fifth, and they only had one.

T. B. REYNOLDS—The people of Honolulu are cannibals and there are a lot of them that I mean to deal with through my solicitors.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL PETERS—This office is too busy doing its work now to attend much to the advertising end of the business.

BERNARD THE ORATOR—John Lane is not my boss. I am under my own orders. I am just as intimate with the Hawaiians as he or the Governor either.

AVON CROOK—Fifteen years ago a Portuguese was arrested in this town for delivering a wash on Sunday. Now look at the crowds going to Sunday baseball.

SHERIFF BROWN—It's a godsend to Honolulu to have a navy vessel strike town with money to burn. The merchants find navy men the best sort of customers.

WILL E. FISHER—Let me tell you the little mosquito has a great influence in sending Honoluluans to bed early. It's either get under a mosquito net to read or be beaten up by them.

CAPTAIN WINN—First I find Manager Bidgood at the Volcano House and when I dropped down to Haleiwa the other day I found him there. If I ever get to Heaven I suppose I might find him there, too.

SECRETARY ATKINSON—Well, I have the privilege of saying about what I please now without the fear that the newspapers will take it up right away. There are compensations in the white chip class.

INSPECTOR COOPER—Yes, I believe my collection of autographs of prominent personages, from various parts of the world, is a valuable one, and it is certainly interesting. The autographs are all genuine, and I've been collecting them for years.

B. F. BEARDMORE—The Jubilee Advertiser's "1956" issue says that they were then celebrating the 30th anniversary of the end of cricketing in Hawaii. Well, then, we've got twenty years more to play it in, and I guess all the old crowd will be in at the death.

PROF. ALEXANDER—The appearance of Judiciary Square has not been improved by the addition of the Board of Health's fumigation shack. That Square is a disgrace. The Waikiki end is especially disagreeable to the eye. If nothing else is done the government should at least erect a board fence to hide the rear end of the Japanese tenements.

## HOCH, DER GOVERNOR OF KANSAS

Governor Hoch, of Kansas, is a big man, with a slow manner and a keen sense of humor. Before he was elected Governor he was editor of a little country weekly newspaper.

When Hoch talks about "trust-busting" legislation, he speaks quietly and seriously, with shrewdness and intelligence. During the recent legislative eruption at Topeka one of the more impetuous representatives introduced a bill which had already been passed. The Governor vetoed it, and remarked that it was up to the representative to "set 'em up."

A member of the opposition, thinking that this was a dangerous expression for the Governor of a prohibition State to use, had a resolution adopted calling on the Governor to explain. Governor Hoch was extremely busy, but he disentangled his signing hand from the pile of bills before him long enough to dash off the following reply:

To the Senate—I am in receipt of Senate Resolution No. 46, introduced by the Senator from Atchison County, requesting me to explain what was meant by the term "set 'em up," as used in my veto message of Senate Bill No. 341. This expression, used playfully, and without having any particular meaning, and possibly hardly comporting with the dignity of your body, seems to have had, if not a good, at least an unexpected effect, in that it has caused the emaciated corpse of the Kansas Democracy to take on the semblance of life and sit up and take notice.

The belief in miracles is here strengthened by absolute proof, showing that the proper call will restore animation to the dead. If the Angel Gabriel, standing with one foot on land and one on sea, were to blow such a blast from his trumpet that the mountains should rock to their bases, the Democratic party would probably sleep on undisturbed, but if he were even to whisper the magic words "set 'em up," the grave of this moribund organization would give up its dead, and from the entire aggregation, headed by the talented and handsome Senator from Atchison, would come the answer in swelling chorus, "We will take the same."

E. W. HOCH, Governor.